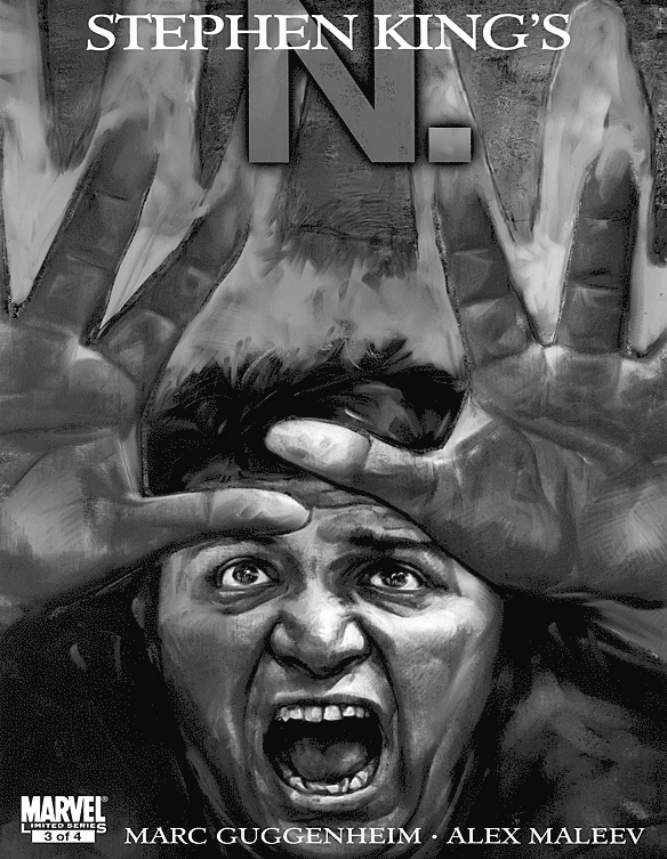


VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

STEPHEN KING'S N.



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
3 of 4

MARC GUGGENHEIM • ALEX MALEEV

STEPHEN KING'S

Creative Director & Executive Director: **STEPHEN KING**

Script: **MARC GUGGENHEIM**

Art and Cover: **ALEX MALEEV**

Lettering: **CHRIS ELIOPOULOS**

Production: **IRENE Y. LEE**

Assistant Editor: **CHARLIE BECKERMAN**

Senior Editor: **RALPH MACCHIO**

Vice President of Creative: **TOM MARVELLI**

Senior Vice President of Publishing Sales: **DAVID GABRIEL**

Senior Vice President of Strategic Development: **RUWAN JAYATILLEKE**

Editor in Chief: **JOE QUESADA**

Publisher: **DAN BUCKLEY**

Special Thanks to Chuck Verrill, Marsha DeFilippo, Brian Stark, Jim Nausedas, Jim McCann and Arune Singh.

STEPHEN KING'S N. No. 3, July, 2010. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10018. © 2010 Stephen King. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Stephen King. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel & its logos are ® & © Marvel Characters, Inc. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R121032852) in the direct market. Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. ALAN FINE, EVP - Office Of The President, Marvel Worldwide, Inc. and EVP & CMO Marvel Characters B.V. DAN BUCKLEY, Chief Executive Officer and Publisher - Print, Animation & Digital Media. JIM SOKOLOWSKI, Chief Operating Officer. DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Publishing Sales & Circulation. DAVID BODART, SVP of Business Affairs & Talent Management. MICHAEL PASCIULLO, VP of Merchandising & Communications. JIM O'KEEFE, VP of Operations & Logistics. DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology. JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Director of Publishing & Editorial Operations. SUSAN CRESPI, Editorial Operations Manager. ALEX MORALES, Publishing Operations Manager. STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Ron Stern, VP of Business Development, at rsterm@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-271-9158.

JUNE 22, 2007
SESSION WITH PATIENT "N."

SUBJECT INITIALLY COMPLAINED OF INSOMNIA, STATING THAT STANDARD PHARMA WAS NOT HAVING ANY EFFECT. I WILL PRESCRIBE HIM SOMETHING STRONGER. SUBJECT IS ALSO OPEN AND FRANK ABOUT HIS OCD TENDENCIES, MOST NOTABLY, HAS A HABIT OF COUNTING, SPEAKS OF "GOOD" AND "BAD" NUMBERS. TRACES SYMPTOMS BACK TO VISIT OF A CERTAIN FIELD IN RURAL MAINE WITH A ROCK FORMATION THAT CHANGES IN NUMBER. SUBJECT CALLS IT A "FADED PLACE" WHERE HE COULD "TEAR THROUGH THE FABRIC OF REALITY." ALSO RECALLS A "GRINNING FIGURE TRAPPED WITHIN THE STONES." SUGGESTS STRONG BOUTS OF DELUSION.

PROGNOSIS: STRONGER SEDATIVE,
INTENSIVE CONTINUED THERAPY.



JULY 5, 2007

N. case notes (cont'd)

I called his phone number when I saw the obituary.

Got C., the daughter who goes to school here in Maine.

She was remarkably composed, saying that in her heart she was not surprised.

She knew who I was. Talked freely.

Yes, it was suicide. His car. The garage.

Towels laid along the bottoms of the doors, and I am sure an even number of them.

Ten or twenty-- both good numbers, according to N.

She asked me if I would come to the funeral.

I was touched. I said I would, if the family would have me.

Sounding surprised, she said of course they would.

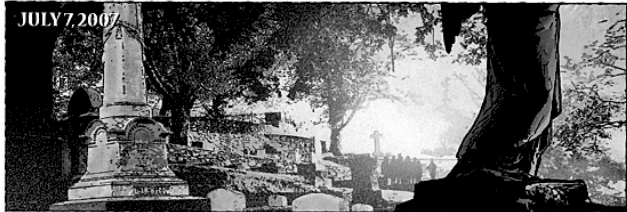
WHY WOULDN'T WE?

BECAUSE...

BECAUSE IN THE END I COULDN'T HELP HIM.

YOU TRIED. THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING.

JULY 7, 2007



At both the church and cemetery, N.'s people—especially C.—took me in and made me welcome.



C. took my hand, hugged me, and thanked me for trying to help her father.

Nevertheless, I felt like an imposter, a failure.



INSOMNIA.
OCD. OCPD.
YOU'VE HEARD IT
ALL A HUNDRED
TIMES BEFORE.
I'M SURE...

Tonight I have been playing the tapes of our sessions.

I think I will transcribe them. There is surely at least an article in N.'s story and perhaps something larger.

A book.



Yet I am hesitant.

What holds me back is knowing I'd have to visit that field, and compare N.'s fantasy to reality.



His world to mine.

JULY 17, 2007

I took the day
off and went
out to Motton.

It's been on my mind,
and in the end I saw
no reason not to go.



I was "dither-
dathering," our
mother would have
said. If I intend
to write up N.'s
case, such dither-
dathering must
stop.

No excuses.

With markers from my
childhood to guide me--

--the Bale Road Bridge
(which Sheila and I used
to call, for reasons I
can no longer remember,
the Fall Road Bridge),
Boy Hill, and especially
the Serenity Ridge
Cemetery--

--I thought I would
find N.'s road without
too much trouble.



And I did.



I told
myself
I wasn't
afraid.

But I was.

Nor do I count
that fear as
completely
irrational.

Backtrailing a
patient's mental
illness to its
source is never
comfortable.

ABSOLUTELY NO
TRESSPASSING.

Except.

Except.

If I didn't do
it, didn't visit
Ackerman's Field...

It might (I only say
might) mean that on
some level, I had
accepted N.'s belief
I might reactivate
some terrible process
which N. felt his
suicide could halt.

It would mean I had
accepted the idea
that I was to be the
next guardian.

And if I gave in
to such notions...

My life would
never be the same.

I could never look
at the world in the
same way.

In the final analysis it
wasn't a choice at all.



I came to a rising
hill and saw the
woods pull away on
either side.

It was like
walking into
N.'s head.

I stopped
halfway up
the hill.

Not because
I was out of
breath, but
to ask myself
one final
time if this
was what I
wanted.

Then I
continued
on.

I wish I
hadn't.



The stones were there, of course.

I counted them.

There were eight, just as N. said.

(Except when he said there were seven.)

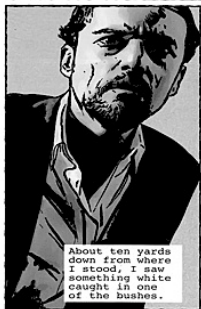


The grass inside that rough grouping did look a bit patchy and yellow.



What caught my eye, however, was a little cluster of sumac bushes.

They weren't dead, as N. had described, but the leaves were black instead of green-streaked-with-red.



About ten yards down from where I stood, I saw something white caught in one of the bushes.



And I knew N. had left it for me.



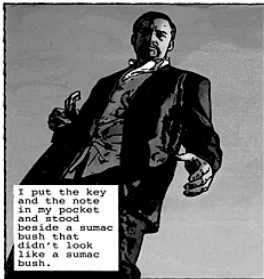
I felt a terrible sinking in my stomach.

DR. John Boncaine



There was an envelope in the baggie. And something in the envelope.

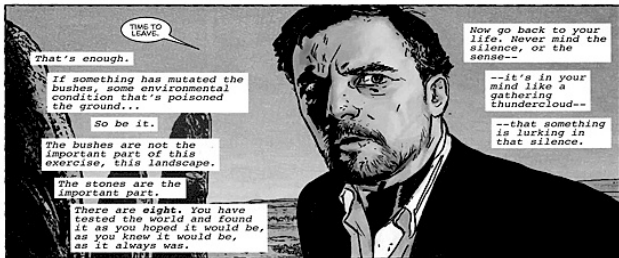
I could feel it. And my fingers knew it for what it was before I even took it out.



I put the key and the note in my pocket and stood beside a sumac bush that didn't look like a sumac bush.



Black leaves, branches twisted until they almost looked like runes, or letters...



That's enough.

If something has mutated the bushes, some environmental condition that's poisoned the ground...

So be it.

The bushes are not the important part of this exercise, this landscape.

The stones are the important part.

There are eight. You have tested the world and found it as you hoped it would be, as you knew it would be, as it always was.

Now go back to your life. Never mind the silence, or the sense--

--it's in your mind like a gathering thundercloud--

--that something is lurking in that silence.



Go back to
your life,
Dr. B.

Go back
while you
still can.



I returned to
the end of the
road.

The high green
hay whickered
against my pants
like a low,
gasping voice.



I felt an urge
to turn and look
again.

Strong urge.

I fought it.



And lost.

There were seven
stones.

Not eight,
but seven.

And it did seem
darker inside
the stones.

As if a cloud
had passed over
the sun.



I thought, I have
to make this stop
while I can still
tell myself nothing
is happening.



I was still
holding the
baggie.

I did it--*had*
done it--without
even thinking
about what I
was doing.



But there were
eight again.

Once again.



And that
perceived
darkness...

That funnel

Or tunnel

...was gone.



(Of course, it
was never there
to begin with.)



I have decided against the article.

Best to put the whole business of N. behind me.

I've thrown the key away.

And so to bed.



JULY 18, 2007

Fished the key out of the trash this morning and put it in my desk drawer.

Throwing it away seems too much like admitting something might be. You know.

Well. And anyway: it's just a key.



JULY 27, 2007

All right, yes, I admit it.

I have been counting a few things and making sure there are even numbers around me.

Doing this is strangely soothing.

I have caught N.'s cold for sure. (My little joke, but not a joke.)



--JUST, YOU KNOW, DOING RESEARCH FOR A PAPER I MIGHT DELIVER THIS WINTER.

YES, AT THE CHICAGO CONVENTION, ON THE...THE TRANSITIVE NATURE OF OCD SYMPTOMS...

YES, THAT'S WHAT MY RESEARCH SHOWED AS WELL. NOT COMMON, BUT NOT COMPLETELY RARE, EITHER.



THIS DOESN'T HAVE ANY PERSONAL CONCERN FOR YOU, JOHNNY, DOES IT?

NO, NO, NOT AT ALL. I'VE JUST GOTTEN INTERESTED IN THE SUBJECT.



"IT'S BECOME SOMETHING OF A COMPULSION, REALLY."

AUGUST 10, 2007

Something
is wrong.

Something
is wrong out
there.

The eighth stone
is weakening.

There's no sense telling
myself this isn't so,
because every nerve in
my body--

--every cell
in my skin!--

--proclaims
it's true.

This must end.

I'm going
out there.

I will take
a camera.

I'm going to
fix this.

I'm going to
fix it and BE
DONE WITH IT.

Yes, done with
it. Yes.

August 11, 2007



The darkness.

Dear Lord.



It was almost
complete.

And something
else.



The darkness
had an eye.



AUGUST 12, 2007

Did I see anything?

Actually?

I don't know.
I think I did,
but I don't know.

There are 23 words in this entry.

26 is better.

AUGUST 19, 2007

I picked up the phone to call J., tell him what's going on with me, then put it down.

What would I tell him? Besides:

1-207-555-1863-11.

A bad number.

Valium helps more than Neurontin. I think. As long as I don't overdo it.

SEPTEMBER 16, 2007

Back from Motown.

Covered with sweat. Shaking.

But eight again.

I fixed it.
I! Fixed it!
IT! Thank God. But...

But!

I cannot live my life this way.

No, but--I WAS JUST IN TIME. IT WAS ON THE VERGE OF GETTING OUT.

The protections only hold so long and then a house call is necessary!

There is a world behind this world, filled with monsters

Gods

HATEFUL GODS!

One thing, if I kill myself, what?

OCTOBER 9, 2007

Better lately. My ideas
seem more my own.

And when I last went
out to Ackerman's Field
(2 days ago), my worries
were all for naught.

There were eight
stones there.

I wondered how I ever
could have thought
there were only 7.

Do I dare hope I'm
getting better?



OCTOBER 10, 2007

Of course
there is another
possibility.

Loath as I am
to admit it: N.
may have been--
was right--about
the solstices.



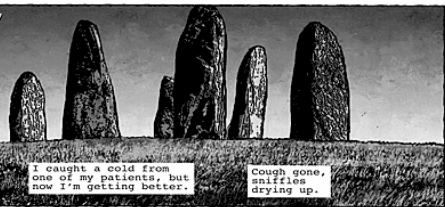
NOVEMBER 16, 2007

Eight.
Always
were.

Here is
the truth.

I caught a cold from
one of my patients, but
now I'm getting better.

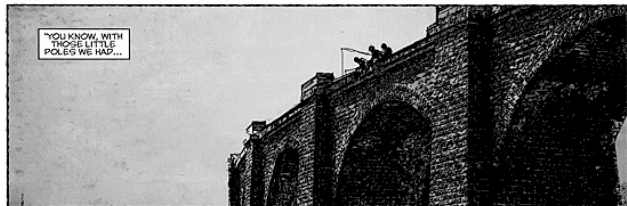
Cough gone,
sniffles
drying up.



DECEMBER 25, 2007

I shared Christmas dinner
and the ritual exchange of
presents with Sheila and
her family.







APRIL 1, 2008

It's April
Fool's.

And the fool
is me.



It's starting
again.

The snow is almost gone,
the summer solstice is
approaching

(still over
the horizon but
approaching)

and it has
started again.



I feel

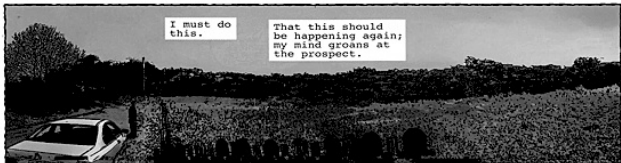
God help me, I feel
like a cancer patient
who has been in
remission and wakes
one morning to discover
a big fat lump in
his armpit.

I can't
do this.



I must do
this.

That this should
be happening again;
my mind groans at
the prospect.



Please God,
don't let it
be happening
again.



APRIL 6, 2008

Took longer today
to make 7 into 8.

I'm tired. And the
solstich is so far
away.

It's still gathering
power and the solstit
is so far away.

I wish N. had dyed before
coming into my office. That
selfish bastyard.

MAY 2, 2008

I thought it
would kill me
this time.

Or break
my mind.

There was
chanting.

Chanting from
deep inside the
ringstones,

deep inside the
darkness.

IT'S GETTING
STRANGER. NO,
STRONGER.

IT'S GETTING
STRONGER.

How can I be responsible for the world? How can this be?

Its not fair!!!!!!!!!!



MAY 3, 2008

Okay

Preparations must be made. Careful preparations. To close the loop. To shut the door.

To close the door.



To prevent any other suckers--no, CARETAKERS--ha, what a joke. A little joke, but a joke still.

And the joke's on me. It always was.



"BURN THIS."

Nothing oblique about that. Simple instructions.

But I got instructions, simple ones, two, didn't I?

"Don't go there," N. said. He warned me. Begged me, actually.



And I didn't listen.

Doctor, heal thyself.

What a crock.



MAY 4, 2008

If I can close the door
by killing myself

And the peace, even
if it is only the
peace of oblition

Oblivion

I am going out there
again, but this time
not all the way.

Just to the Fail
Road Bridge.

The water there
is shallow, the
bed lined with
rocks.

The drop must
be 30 feet.

Not the best
number but
still

Anyone who falls
off that thing
cannot fail to

Cannot fail

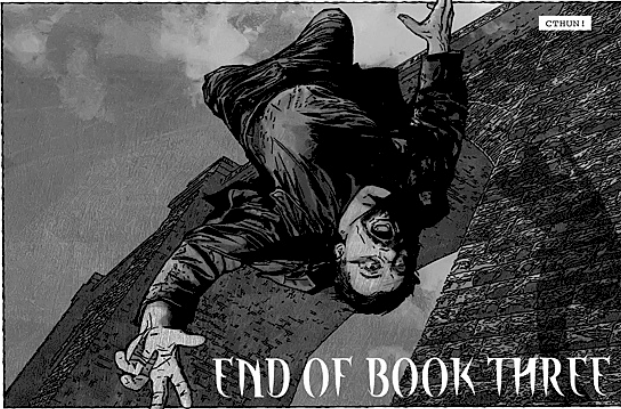
A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of a man's face. He has a large, three-lobed eye on the right side of his face and wears glasses. The image is rendered in a high-contrast, ink-heavy style.

I can't stop
thinking
about that
hideous
3-lobed eye

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of a man's face. He has a wide-open mouth as if screaming or shouting, and wears glasses. The image is rendered in a high-contrast, ink-heavy style.

The thing with
the helmet head

The screaming
faces in the
stones

A black and white comic panel showing a man falling off a ledge. He is wearing a dark jacket and glasses, and his arms are outstretched. The background shows a cityscape with buildings.

CTHUN!

END OF BOOK THREE

STEPHEN KING'S

ISSUE
3



SCRIPTBOOK

BOOK THREE

PAGE ONE (CHAPTER HEADING SPLASH)

The document for this chapter heading splash is a creased, BLANK PIECE OF PAPER with the handwriting:

AM SO TIRED

It's resting in between the dead fingers of N.'s corpse. We're still in his car, but we shouldn't be wide enough to know that.

CHAPTER HEADING – J. BONSAINT

END OF PAGE ONE



PANEL 1

In Bonsaint's office. BONSAINT sits at his desk, talking on the PHONE. Starting with this page, we'll begin seeing pieces of BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT in the captions. As we've already done with Norma's diary and suicide note, these "captions" should look as real as possible.

DATE LEGEND - JULY 5, 2007

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT - I called his phone number when I saw the obituary.

PANEL 2

In N.'s house. CAREN (the daughter we met earlier, the one that made the "crop circles" comment) is talking on the phone.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT - Got C., the daughter who goes to school here in Maine. (cont'd)
She was remarkably composed, saying

that in her heart she was not surprised.

PANEL 3

Behind Bonsaint, over his shoulder. He cradles the phone to his ear while staring at the CLIPPING of N.'s obituary that we saw at the end of last issue.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT - She knew who I was. Talked freely. (cont'd)

Yes, it was suicide. His car. The garage. (cont'd)

Towels laid along the bottoms of the doors, and I am sure an even number of them. (cont'd)

Ten or twenty -- both good numbers, according, to N.

PANEL 4

Facing Bonsaint again. His fingers to the bridge of his nose, trying -- unsuccessfully -- to hold back a TEAR. BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT - She asked me if I would come to the funeral. (cont'd)

I was touched. I said I would, if the family would have me. (cont'd)
Sounding surprised, she said of course they would.

PANEL 5

Back with Caren. Still on the phone. CAREN - WHY WOULDN'T WE? BONSAINT (OVER PHONE) - BECAUSE...

PANEL 6

Back with Bonsaint. CRYING now. BONSAINT - BECAUSE IN THE END I COULDN'T HELP HIM. CAREN (OVER PHONE) - YOU TRIED. THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING.

END OF PAGE TWO



PAGE THREE (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Establishing shot of the cemetery. We can see a few indistinct mourners in the distance.

DATE LEGEND – JULY 7, 2007

PANEL 2

A wide shot of Bonsaint among the MOURNERS at N.'s FUNERAL.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – At both the church and cemetery, N.'s people -- especially C. -- took me in and made me welcome.

PANEL 3

Bonsaint is HUGGING Caren now. He looks distraught. It's a weird image because between the two of them, it should be Caren, the daughter, being comforted but she's comforting him.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – C. took my hand, hugged me, and thanked me for trying to help her father. (cont'd)
I told her she was welcome, but I felt like an imposter, a failure.

PANEL 4

Back in Bonsaint's office. It's NIGHT. He looks terrible as he TYPES AWAY at his COMPUTER, writing the journal entries we've been seeing/reading. A small DIGITAL RECORDER plays next to him on the desk.
DIGITAL RECORDER – INSOMNIA. OCD. OCPD. YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE, I'M SURE...
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – Tonight I have been playing the tapes of our sessions. (cont'd)
I think I will transcribe them. There is surely at least an article in N.'s story and perhaps something larger. (cont'd)
A book.

PANEL 5

Close on Bonsaint as he types.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – Yet I am hesitant. (cont'd)
What holds me back is knowing I'd have to visit that field, and compare N.'s fantasy to reality.

PANEL 6

New angle. Bonsaint is typing away, but we can see the clipping of N.'S OBITUARY resting next to him on the desk.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – His world to mine.

END OF PAGE THREE



PAGE FOUR (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

New location. Bonsaint's CAR is speeding down the road in rural Maine.

DATE LEGEND – JULY 17, 2007

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – I took the day off and went out to Motton.

PANEL 2

Inside the car now.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – It's been on my mind, and in the end I saw no reason not to go. (cont'd)

I was "dither-dathering," our mother would have said. If I intend to write up N.'s case, such dither-dathering must stop. (cont'd)

No excuses.

PANEL 3

The car drives past the BALE ROAD BRIDGE -- where we know the Bonsaint siblings will meet their premature ends.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – With

markers from my childhood to guide me -- (cont'd)

-- the Bale Road Bridge (which Shelia and I used to call, for reasons I can no longer remember, the Fail Road Bridge), Boy Hill, and especially the Serenity Ridge Cemetery -- (cont'd)
-- I thought I would find N.'s road without too much trouble.

PANEL 4

Bonsaint is now standing at the edge of the field, where the "No Trespassing" sign that Norma put up with the chain she bought is still stretched across.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – And I did.

PANEL 5

Tight on Bonsaint, his expression grim.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT

I told myself I wasn't afraid. (cont'd)
But I was.

PANEL 6

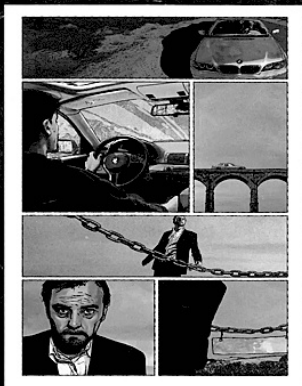
Behind Bonsaint. Looking at the chain. A solitary image.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – Nor do I count that fear as completely irrational. (cont'd)

Backtrailing a patient's mental illness to its source is never comfortable. (cont'd)

I stood at the chain, asking myself if I really wanted to do this.

END OF PAGE FOUR



PAGE FIVE (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Close on Bonsaint.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – Except.
(cont'd)

Except. (cont'd)

If I didn't do it, didn't visit Ackerman's
Field... (cont'd)

It might (I only say *might*) mean that on
some level, I had accepted N.'s belief
I might reactivate some terrible
process which N. felt his suicide
could halt.

PANEL 2

*Still on Bonsaint. He looks disturbed. His
mouth open to SPEAK.*

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – It
would mean I had accepted the idea
that I was to be the next guardian.
(cont'd)

And if I gave in to such notions...
(cont'd)

My life would never be the same.
(cont'd)

I could never look at the world in the
same way.

PANEL 3

Bonsaint is stepping over the chain.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – In the
final analysis (so to speak), it wasn't
a choice at all.

PANEL 4

*A few minutes later. Bonsaint is cresting up
a HILL.*

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – I came
to a rising hill and saw the woods
pull away on either side. (cont'd)
It was like walking into N.'s head.

PANEL 5

*Closer. Bonsaint stopping halfway up the
hill. We have yet to see the Stones at this
point.*

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – I

stopped halfway up the hill. (cont'd)
Not because I was out of breath, but to
ask myself one final time if this was
what I wanted. (cont'd)
Then I continued on.

PANEL 6

*Bonsaint is walking down now, towards the
FIELD STONES -- which we see here
for the first time. There are eight stones.*
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – I wish I
hadn't.

END OF PAGE FIVE



PAGE SIX (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Bonsaint looking at the stones.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – The stones were there, of course. (cont'd)
I counted them. (cont'd)

There were eight, just as N. said.
(cont'd)
(Except when he said there were seven.)

PANEL 2

Bonsaint is now standing in the CENTER of the stones.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – The grass inside that rough grouping did look a bit patchy and yellow.

PANEL 3

New angle as Bonsaint looks over to the SUMAC BUSHES.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – What caught my eye, however, was a little cluster of sumac bushes. (cont'd)
They weren't dead, as N. had described,

but the leaves were black instead of green-streaked-with-red. (cont'd)
And they had no shape. They were ill-formed things, somehow hard to look at.

PANEL 4

Tight on Bonsaint.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – About ten yards down from where I stood, I saw something white caught in one of those bushes.

PANEL 5

Behind Bonsaint as he looks down where AN ENVELOPE WRAPPED IN A CLEAR PLASTIC BAGGIE is resting in the bushes.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – And I knew N. had left it for me.

PANEL 6

Bonsaint is bending down to pick up/out the envelope/baggie. We get a better look at it: DR. JOHN BONSAINT is HANDWRITTEN on the envelope.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – I felt a terrible sinking in my stomach.

END OF PAGE SIX



PAGE SEVEN (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Bonsaint is taking the A.F. KEY out of the envelope.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – There was something in the envelope. (cont'd)

I could feel it sliding back and forth. (cont'd)

And my fingers knew it for what it was even before I tore the end off the envelope.

PANEL 2

Over Bonsaint's shoulder as he removes another item from the envelope. A

NOTE. In handwriting:

some environmental condition that's poisoned the ground... (cont'd)

So be it. (cont'd)

The bushes are not the important part of this exercise, this landscape. (cont'd)

The stones are the important part. (cont'd)

There are eight. You have tested the world and found it as you hoped it would be, as you knew it would be, as it always was. (cont'd)

Now go back to your life. Never mind the silence, or the sense -- (cont'd)

-- it's your mind gathering like a thundercloud -- (cont'd)

-- that something is lurking in that silence.

END OF PAGE SEVEN

SORRY DOC — N

NO DIALOGUE.

PANEL 3

Bonsaint is sticking his hands -- and the objects -- in his pockets as he STARES at the sumac bush.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – I put the key and the note in my pocket and stood beside a sumac bush that didn't look like a sumac bush.

PANEL 4

Bonsaint's P.O.V.: The sumac bush. And damn if the branches don't twist to spell out CTHUN.

BONSAINT'S MANSUSCRIPT – Black leaves, branches twisted until they almost looked like runes, or letters...

PANEL 5

Close on Bonsaint looking panicked.

BONSAINT – TIME TO LEAVE.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – That's enough. (cont'd)

If something has mutated the bushes,



PAGE EIGHT (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Bonsaint runs away from the stones in terror.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – *Go back to your life, Dr. B. (cont'd)
Go back while you still can.*

PANEL 2

Bonsaint reaches the end of the road, and slows down.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – *I returned to the end of the road. (cont'd)*

The high green hay whickered against my pants like a low, gasping voice.

PANEL 3

Bonsaint begins to look over his shoulder, hesitantly.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – *I felt an urge to turn and look again. (cont'd)*

**Strong urge. (cont'd)
I fought it.**

PANEL 4

Behind Bonsaint. Off in the distance, we can see the Stones. Seven of them.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – *And lost. (cont'd)*

There were seven stones. (cont'd)

Not eight, but seven. (cont'd)

And it did seem darker inside the stones. (cont'd)

As if a cloud had passed over the sun.

PANEL 5

On Bonsaint. Panic starting to set in.

BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – *I thought, I have to make this stop while I can still tell myself nothing is happening.*

END OF PAGE EIGHT



PAGE NINE (4 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Bonsaint holds the baggie the note was wrapped in up in front of his eyes.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – I was still holding the baggie. (cont'd)
I did it -- *had done it* -- without even thinking about what I was doing.

PANEL 2

The stones through the plastic baggie — there are eight of them.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – But there were eight again. (cont'd)
Once again.

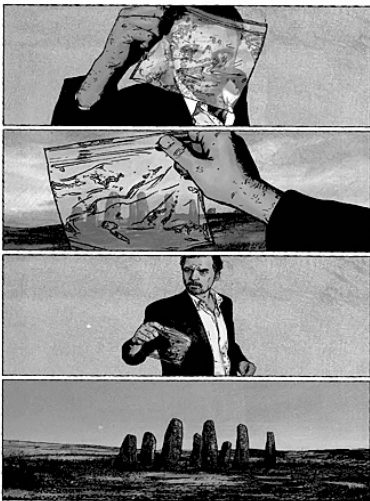
PANEL 3

On Bonsaint, concerned and stunned.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – And that perceived darkness... (cont'd)
That funnel (cont'd)
Or tunnel (cont'd)
...was gone.

PANEL 4

Shot of the stones (eight of them) in the sunset light.
BONSAINT'S MANUSCRIPT – (Of course, it was never there to begin with.)

END OF PAGE NINE



NEXT ISSUE





Can you catch a mental illness the same way you can catch a cold? Until he met patient N., Doctor John Bonsaint would have said that such an idea was ridiculous. But despite himself, Bonsaint finds the curious case of N. plaguing him, night and day. But how far down the rabbit hole will he follow his patient... and what monsters lie at the bottom?

Based on the harrowing short story by acclaimed author Stephen King, *N.* brings together the team of fan-favorite writer Marc Guggenheim (*Amazing Spider-Man*, ABC's *Eli Stone*) and blockbuster artist Alex Maleev (*Daredevil*, *Spider-Woman* motion comic) in an ever-deepening cycle of madness and terror.

DIRECT EDITION

PARENTAL ADVISORY
FOR STRONG LANGUAGE & CONTENT



7 59606 06567 7

00311

\$3.99 US

WWW.MARVEL.COM